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Review of New Books.

An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America. Part First: containing an Historical Outline of their Merits and Wrongs as Colonies, and Strictures upon the Calumnies of British Writers. By Robert Walsh, Esq. 8vo. pp. 505. London, 1819.

THERE is one advantage always attending an undertaking of extreme danger or difficulty, and that is, that defeat is not disgraceful where success could scarcely be anticipated. If there is one individual of the present day of more extraordinary daring than another, it is Robert Walsh, who has not only engaged to refute all that has been said or written against America, from the earliest period down to the adventurous Mr. Fearon, (who volunteered on an exploratory mission to the United States,) but attempts even more than this, that of vindicating the military, commercial, and literary character of the United States.

It is peculiarly unfortunate that a gentleman professing that impartiality which is certainly essential in the discussion of a disputed question, should at the outset betray his prejudices in language like the following, in his dedication; he is speaking of the Irish: 'America owes them much. She cannot but sympathize deeply in the wrongs they have suffered at home. In the same nation in which they have always found a tyrannical mistress, she, throughout her colonial existence, found a jealous step-mother, and now finds a malevolent scold.'

But it may be necessary to state how Mr. Walsh vindicates his country, not by proving that the charges are false, but by endeavouring to shew that England is still worse; and, to do this, all the unities of time and place are utterly disregarded: thus, when the United States are charged with publicly advertizing the sale of Negro slaves, Mr. Walsh 'retorts this severe reflection' by quoting, from the Public Ledger of 1761, advertisements of a similar character; and yet this gentleman knows the successive ameliorations of Negro slavery, and its final abolition since that time. To the Negro flagellation in the United States he finds a parallel in the English *blood-money* conspirators; and the *gouging** system of America, he thinks less savage and disgraceful than the regulations of an English boxing-ring.

As the subject of Negro slavery in the United States has much occupied the public attention, we shall hear what an advocate can say in its defence:

'Our census of 1810 teaches, that, according to the ratio of increase for the twenty years preceding, the number of years required for the duplication of the whites was 22.48; and that required for the slaves, as I have mentioned, 25.99. The

whites increased from 4790 to 1810, 85.26 per cent.; the slaves 70.75. The mere natural increase is not, however, shown exactly by this calculation. We should deduct the annual addition made to the numbers of both from without, which would probably leave the proportion the same. The whole number of slaves in 1810, was 1,191,364; and of free people of colour, 186,466. Together they did not equal one-fourth of the white population, which was 5,862,092; nor make but little more than one-sixth of the whole. At present, the proportion must be still less, as the ratio of increase for the white population is undoubtedly greater. In 1810, the white population of the nine slave-holding states of that period, amounted to 2,153,455; that of the coloured, free and enslaved, to 142,862. The census of 1820 will give 3,000,000 at least of white population in the slave holding countries of the union; and not more than 1,700,000 of black, allowing for the addition made to the number of the last by illicit importation. Should we admit the ratio of increase to be the same for both, the political arithmetician of the Quarterly Review would find it difficult to solve the problem, in how many generations "the negro race will exceed the whites," especially if he be confined to his own limitation—"in all except the *eastern states*," under which denomination he could not mean to include Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; containing nearly a million of whites, without the alloy of a slave.

'The removal of considerable numbers of the slaves from the old slave-holding states, to the south and south-west, tends materially to increase the relative majority of the whites in those states, and is likely to continue, so as greatly to lessen the danger to which they may be held to be exposed. The slaves emigrate either with their original owners, or with persons of the same or an adjoining state, to whom they are sold, and who purchase them for their own use; or with the *Negro traders*, as they are called. The greater number go with the two first descriptions of persons, to a more fruitful soil; to a climate equally or more favourable to their constitutions; altogether they suffer but little, if at all, by the change of position. They are not, in general, committed to a new master, who is unknown; or who does not possess the best testimonials as to his views, and the respectability of his character. It had been long the practice to sell the intractable slaves, and such as were guilty of crimes, to the *traders*, who disposed of them to the planters of South Carolina and Georgia. This disposition even of culprits may scandalize the writers of the Quarterly Review; but it is not quite so harsh as that of selling them to the Bey of Tripoli would have been; nor worse than the transportation of the British convicts to Botany Bay, according to the description of it which I have already given in the language of members of Parliament; or to the character of it which is implied in the following extract from the volume of Parliamentary Debates for the year 1792. "Mr. Fox noticed the mention that had been made of the transportation of convicts to Botany Bay, and said, that the hardships of the passage would appear less extraordinary, when it was known that the transportation was undertaken by slave merchants and slave captains, and that a part of the misery of the convicts was the effect of slave fetters being used instead of those employed in general for convicts."

* Thrusting out an antagonist's eye in a pugilistic combat.

ders obtain, is small comparatively. The severance or dispersion of families is by no means so common as might be supposed from the tales of the English travellers. This evil is produced in England in a hundred instances to one that occurs among our Negroes, and with tenfold affliction, by the extensive emigration which the public burdens occasion, and the operation of the poor laws; to say nothing of the cases so common in time of war, of seamen impressed when returning from distant voyages, and that even without being allowed the comfort of seeing their families.

' Kidnapping is frequent; but the states have universally subjected it to the severest penalties; some of them to that of death. As great an abhorrence for it pervades the whole country, as any crime can be supposed to excite among a moral people. The flagellation of the slaves for misdemeanors, or from the impulses of anger, or churlishness in the masters, is, no doubt, too common; but it would be every way unjust to judge of the conduct of the Americans in this respect, by what passes in the West Indies. In the use of the lash the discipline of the southern plantations is contradistinguished from that of the West Indian, as much as in the degree of labour and the supply of food. Public opinion and all the other causes of reformation which I have noticed, operate equally in this matter. But it is not for an Englishman to complain of the use of the lash among foreigners. The hysterical indignation of the British Reviewers and travellers on this head, appears even ludicrous, when we advert to the fact, that no nation employs the scourge more severely or generally than the British. Education with her is conducted with the birch; whipping is almost her sum of discipline in the army and navy; the seaman is flogged from ship to ship; the soldier, tied up to the halberds and exposed in the most shameful and ignominious manner, dies under the stripes of the drummer, or is withdrawn only when the surgeon who watches his ebbing pulse, declares that nature can bear no more. The number of apprentices in Great Britain is, probably, little less than that of our Negroes; corporal punishment is as familiarly inflicted upon them, and as frequently to a brutal excess: I attest the Old Bailey calendar, when I assert, that they are oftener maimed and murdered by the hand of the masters. So horrid and multiplied were the enormities of this kind, which accident or private feeling brought to light, that the legislature was compelled to interfere; but with how little effect the records of the Assizes and the tenor of the late Parliamentary Reports, will show. In short, there is no form of human suffering which an Englishman is so much accustomed to witness, to hear, and to read of, in his own country, as flagellation in all its varieties and degrees. I do not wish to pursue this odious topic, on which reprisals might have no end, further than to quote a passage of some significance from a late and excellent work of Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool.— "It has frequently been observed, with some degree of exultation, that *torture* is not permitted in this country. If by torture be meant the subjecting a person to the rack, for the purpose of compelling him to give evidence, or to confess an imputed crime, this country is certainly not chargeable with so diabolical a practice. But, if the lacerating and *scourging* the person of an individual, as a punishment for his offences, be *torture*, it is a proceeding not only well known to our laws, but of frequent occurrence. There are, in fact, few mutilations or sufferings to which the human frame can be subjected, that have not, in this country, at one time or another, been resorted to as a punishment for offenders; nor does there appear to be any obstruction, other than such as arises from the more improved and humanized spirit of the times, to similar punishments being again inflicted; but independent of these barbarities, the use of the whip is general throughout the prisons of the kingdom, where prisoners, for small offences, are *whipped and discharged*."

' Those advertisements for the recovery of runaways, which are copied into the English Reviews and books of travels, with exclamations of such horror and reproof, as though English newspapers contained nothing to chafe the feelings of

humanity, and rouse the spirit of freedom, are incident to the existence itself of Negro slavery; and I think I have shown that this is an evil which could neither be avoided nor removed by America. Negroes cannot be held as property, without being subject to alienation. A mortmain would be impracticable, and if it could be established, mischievous to all parties. The proclamation of the intention to sell, while it gives effect to the necessary and useful right of alienation, affords the subject of it a better chance of being transferred into good hands. At all events, it is an inevitable incident of an inevitable institution. Slaves who abscond from the master must be reclaimed, or there would be an end to all slavery in the most mischievous of all forms of abolition. Without the aid of the public, the master would be unable to recover the fugitive. And it is to be presumed that the latter is, quite as often, a delinquent seeking independence for the sake of licentiousness, or from a refractory disposition, as a victim escaping the exactions of avarice, or the lash of tyranny. Unfortunately, the character of the Negro race with us, and indeed the character which is produced in all cases of bondage, might warrant a presumption more unfavourable to the slave. His flight is, in a general point of view, a violation of the order of society, which it is the interest, and, abstractedly, the duty of every citizen to repress and correct.'

Such is the mode of reasoning adopted by the author of this work. To defend his country, whenever and by whomsoever attacked, is laudable, and we have no enmity to the United States; but let her not arrogate to herself all the talents and all the virtues of the rest of the world. She has made the most rapid progress since her separation from the mother country, but she is still an infant republic, and must learn much and forget much before she can live on that perfect amity with other countries, so desirable to a new state.

We must do Mr. Walsh the justice to say, that he has exhibited considerable industry in collecting the materials for of this work, and if he had been more judicious in their use, both his readers and his cause would have felt the benefit of it.

Anastasius; or, Memoirs of a Greek: written at the Close of the Eighteenth Century.

(Continued.)

THE marriage of Anastasius was unfortunate; one single day had not passed before he discovered that instead of a mistress he had obtained a master; that he had, in short, changed his allegiance from the father to the daughter, and from a lord's dependant was become a lady's slave. Khadidgé (for such was the name of the lady) did not live long, but was taken suddenly ill, while he was on a visit to his government, and, although he hastened home, he was too late to see her alive. After taking part in an insurrection at Cairo, which was suppressed, he was compelled to quit the city; he then returned to his government, and, on one of his enemies being sent to succeed him in it, he, with a party of Mamelukes, attacked his retinue, and killed their chiefs; he then quitted Egypt just in time to avoid the famine and plague, with which it was immediately after visited; the author's description of the scene is one of the most affecting and finely wrought in the whole work:—

' I had left a storm gathering in Egypt, of which I since have thanked God I witnessed not the bursting. Already, previous to my departure, the consequence of the scarcity had begun to appear in many places: but it was only after I left the country that the famine attained its full force; and such

was, in spite of every expedient of human wisdom, or appeal to Divine mercy, the progressive fury of the scourge, that at last the Schaichs and other regular ministers of worship,—supposing the Deity to have become deaf to their intreaties, or incensed at their presumption,—no longer themselves ventured to implore offended Heaven, and henceforth only addressed the Almighty through the interceding voices of tender infants; in hopes that, though callous to the sufferings of corrupt man, Providence still might listen to the supplications of untainted childhood, and grant to the innocent prayers of babes, what it denied to the agonising cry of beings hardened in sin. Led by the Imams to the tops of the highest minarets, little creatures from five to ten years of age there raised to Heaven their pure hands and feeble voices; and, while all the countless myriads of Cairo, collected round the foot of these lofty structures, observed a profound and mournful silence, they alone were heard to lisp from their slender summits intreaties for Divine mercy. Nor did even they continue to implore a fertility, which no longer could save the thousands of starving wretches already in the pangs of death. They only begged that a general pestilence might speedily deliver them from their lingering and painful agony: and when, from the gilded spires, throughout every district of the immense Masr, thousands of infantine voices went forth the same instant to implore the same sad boon, the whole vast population below with half extinguished voices jointly answered, “so be it!”

The humble request God in his mercy granted. The plague followed the scarcity, and the contagion completed what the famine had begun. The human form was swept away from the surface of the land, like the shadows of darkness which the dawn puts to flight. Towns and villages and hamlets innumerable were bereft of their tenants to a man. The living became too few to bury the dead. Their own houses remained their cemeteries. Where long strings of coffins at first had issued forth, not a solitary funeral any longer appeared. Hundreds of families, who had fled from famine to Syria, were overtaken by the plague in the midst of their journey, and with their dead bodies marked their route through the desert. Egypt, smitten by the two fold visitation, almost ceased to appear inhabited; and both plagues at last disappeared, for want of further victims to slay.’

At Djedda, our hero had a rencontre with a soothsayer, whom he consulted; but not revealing any thing satisfactory to Anastasius, he gave him a severe drubbing. Anastasius’s account of the pilgrimage to Mecca is related in his usual lively manner:—

‘The holy house of Mekkah offers nearly the same difference from that of Loretto, which the Mussulman character does from that of the Franks. Every body knows the Santa Casa to be a whirligig sort of thing, which, in its roving disposition, changed its abode half a dozen times before it could finally settle. The Kaaba, on the contrary, is a steady demure sort of a house, which, from the day the angels placed it where it stands, never manifested the least inclination to move. Accordingly, even Mohammed dared not meddle with its well-established reputation. It firmly stood its ground in spite of his reform, and to this day remains the chief object of the worship of his followers.

‘Seven times I walked round the holy pile in full procession, and seven times kissed the black stone, which the Angel Gabriel brought from Paradise, (I did not inquire why) to figure in its south-west corner. I next went to the valley of Menah to renounce Satan and his works, by flinging a pebble over my left shoulder; nor did I fail to fill a pitcher with the brackish water of the well Zem-Zem, to quench the thirst of the soul. But what I prized beyond all other things were the parings of the besom that had swept the tabernacle, which I purchased from the Sherce of Mekkah, to cleanse the impurities of the heart, and which, if mine were not all wiped away, failed of doing its duty.

‘ My spiritual concerns thus attended to, I turned to my temporal affairs, and made an exchange of some of the property which I brought from Egypt, for other and more suitable articles; for, be it known, that the festivals of the holy house end in a fair, held in the innumerable tents that encircle it like a girdle, and which brings together merchants and goods from the most opposite extremities of the old hemisphere—very properly making even the worship of Mammon contribute to support the temple of the Lord.

‘ From Mekkah I proceeded with the whole body of the pilgrims to Medinah, a place somewhat less holy but infinitely more agreeable. There (still intent on deeds of holiness) I bargained for a little bit of the fringe which had adorned the Prophet’s tomb; but found the unconscionable vender ask a price I scarce would have given for Mohammed’s own two front teeth, kept at the holy treasury at Constantinople. Fringeless, therefore, I went on to Damascus, with the principal division of the caravan, headed by the celebrated miscreant Djezzar, Pasha of Acre.’

The account of Mohammedan abstinence during the Turkish Ranadan, is not less facetiously noticed:—

‘ Every one knows how trying that month is to the temper of the good Mohammedan. As long as the sun lingers above the horizon, he dares not refresh himself with the least morsel of food, the least drop of liquor, or even the least whiff of tobacco. His whole occupation consists in counting his beads, and in contemplating the slow moving hand of his timepiece, until the moment when the luminary of the world is pleased to release him from his abstinence, by withdrawing its irksome orb from his sight. Sufficiently disagreeable as it might appear for every purpose of salvation, when it falls in winter, the month of the Ramadan seems absolutely invented for the destruction of the Moslemin species, when the precision of the lunar months brings it round to the longest and hottest days of summer. It is then that the Christian, rising from a plenteous meal, if he has common prudence, avoids all intercourse whatever with the fasting Turk, whose devout stomach, void of all but sourness and bile, grumbles loudly over each chance-medley of the sort as over malice prepense, rises in anger at the supposed insult, and vents its acrimony in bitter invectives.

‘ Sometimes a demure Moslemin may be seen looking anxiously round on all sides, to ascertain that he is not watched. The moment he thinks himself unobserved, he turns the corner of some of the Christian streets of Pera or Galata, and ascends the infidel hill. Led on as it were by mere listlessness from one turn to another, the gentleman still advances, until perverse chance brings him just opposite a confectioner’s or pastry-cook’s shop. From sheer absence of mind he indeed steps in, but he buys nothing. Allah forbid! He only from pure curiosity examines the various eatables laid out on the counter. He handles, he weighs them, he asks their names, their price, and their ingredients. What is this? what do you call that? where does that other come from? Thus discoursing to while away time, he by little and little reaches the inner extremity of the shop; and, finding himself at the entrance of the recess, in which by mere accident happens to have been set out—as if in readiness for some expected visitor—a choice collation of all than can recruit an exhausted stomach, he enters it from mere thoughtlessness, and without the least intention. Without the least intention also the pastry cook, the moment he sees his friend slunk into the dainty closet, turns upon him the key of the door, and slips it into his pocket. Perhaps he even goes out on a message, and half an hour or so elapses ere he remembers his unaccountable act of forgetfulness. He, however, at last recollects his prisoner, who all the while would have made a furious outcry, but has abstained, lest he should unjustly be suspected of having gone in for the purpose of tasting the forbidden fruit. The Greek unlocks the door with every expression of apology and regret; the Turk walks out in high dudgeon, severely rebukes the vender of cakes, and returns home weaker with inanition than

ever. But when the pastry-cook looks into his recess, to put things in order, he finds, by a wonderful piece of magic, the pies condensed into piastres, and the sugar plums transformed into sequins.'

Anastasius, informed of the death of his father, hastens to Chio, and though ill-received by his brother, relinquishes his share in his father's property, reserving only such portion as would have belonged to him as a Christian. This conduct made the poor rejected Anastasius a great favourite in his native town. After passing through a variety of scenes, he returned to Cairo, where a new revolution, which had taken place, no longer rendered his presence dangerous. Here he resumed the command of his corps, was engaged in battle and fought bravely. In a journey to Volachia, he encountered a gang of beggars, whom he thus notices:—

'There is, gentle reader, a district in the Morea, whose inhabitants are, to a man, beggars by profession. Every year, as soon as they have sown their fields, these industrious members of society abandon their villages until harvest time, and sally forth, on a begging circuit, through the different provinces of Roumili. The elders and chiefs of the community plan the route, divide the provinces, and allot to each detachment its ground. They shorten or prolong their sojourn in the different places they visit, according as the mine of charity is rich, and has been more or less explored. Through wastes where little is to be gleaned, large troops travel in close order, but, on approaching fruitful districts, the swarms again divide and spread. According to his peculiar talent, each individual undertakes the heart-rending tale of mental woe, or the disgusting display of bodily sufferings. "His wife and children died of hunger by the road side, after being burnt out of house and home;"—or, "he has an incurable leprosy in every joint;"—or, "he is actually giving up the ghost for want of a morsel of food!" Old traders grown rich by their indigence, sell out to young beginners; and the children of the society remain in common, so that each female may, in turns, be provided with a pair of fatherless twins, to be duly pinched to tears, and made lustily to roar out whenever compassionate people are in sight. Unceasing warfare is kept up with interlopers from other quarters, who trespass on the domain of this regularly organised band. Among its members, a dislocated limb, or a disgusting disease, are esteemed peculiar blessings; an hereditary complaint is a sort of an estate, and if conspicuous, and such as to resist the officious remedies of the charitable, confers rank, and may be called a badge of nobility. But even those who have the misfortune to labour under the most incurable state of health and vigour, are dexterous, if not radically to correct this perverseness of nature, at least, to remove its untoward external appearance. They excel in the manufacture of counterfeit wounds and mock diseases; and the convulsions of a demoniac are graceful movements to their spontaneous fits.'

The troop with which I had the luck to fall in, had destined Erekli for the next day's scene of action. Its worthy members were taking, among the tombs, a comfortable night's rest, previous to the morning's labours. Already had most of the party sunk into soft slumbers on the pillows of the fresh laid graves, when the tramp of my horse, resounding among the hollow vaults, and reverberated by the sculptured slabs, roused, and made them start up, and surround me as has been seen. Their clamour was only the eleemosinary ditty, which, from long habit, they kept mumbling even in their sleep.

Moved with compassion at the sight of so much sufferings, I determined at once to remove all these accumulated ills, and, for this purpose, began to lay lustily about me, with my good long ox-hide whip. It would have gladdened a feeling heart to see what a salutary and immediate effect this application had. At the very first flourish, the lame found the use of

their legs, the blind recovered their sight, and the deaf and dumb a Stentorian voice. A poor decrepid creature, doubled with age and infirmity, straightening, as if by magic, became, all at once, as nimble as a stag: a man shaped like a dromedary, slipped his hunch without missing it; and a woman, eighteen months at least gone with child, stumbling over a grave stone, brought to light a truss of straw!

The fright of my friends, however, was not of long duration. By degrees they began to fancy, that, though I was armed and on horseback, and they were unarmed and on foot, yet in the dark, and among heaps of grave-stones, thirty or forty had a chance against one. In this notion they again rallied, and soon sticks and stones whizzed about my ears as thick as hail. I now found I had to deal with a set of ungrateful rogues, who, so far from thanking me for the miraculous cures I had performed, only requited good with evil. I therefore left them to their fate, scampered off, and soon got out of sight, and a very little while after, out of hearing of the volleys of abuse which accompanied the showers of stones.'

Arrived at Bucharest, Anastasius visited his old master, Mavroyeni; the following is an account of the interview:—

Mavroyeni, at first, deigned not even to greet me with that look of surprise with which I had laid my account, but went on with the different occupations in which I found him engaged, as if unaware of my presence; leaving me full leisure mean time to mark the havoc made by ambition more than by age, in his originally hard and homely features. In fact, the ruling passion seemed to have increased to such a degree the obliquity which the natural dimness of his right eye had produced in the motions of the other, as to have rendered his a perfectly *sinister* look, in every sense of the word. He always eyed one askance! Those to whom he stood opposite, his eye glanced beside; and to fix his interlocutor, he turned his face away from him. It is true, that the lower features of that same face in some measure made amends for the defects of those above. His jet black beard and mustachios, of which he took great care, encompassed lips whose smile was as pleasing as the frown of his dark brow was terrific; and these lips in their turn disclosed, when he spoke, two rows of teeth as white as snow, which he never suffered long to remain unseen.

For some time after my entrance, however, he only shewed them to me in the process of dictating a letter of three pages to the Reis-Effendee: and not until he had finished this and all his other business—paring his nails included—with the utmost composure did he seem to perceive that I stood before him, tired of watching his left eye, and of commencing bows all stifled in the birth. At last, when he had fairly exhausted his own occupations and my patience, he cast a look my way, and appeared to see me; but it was only to ask in a gruff and snappish manner—while pointing to my poor letters flung unopened on the sofa, "Whether it was I who had brought that load of paper?"—

I bowed again, and said it was, but only as entrusted with its conveyance. "For well I know," added I, "that with your highness neither interest avails, nor even talent, when presumptuously relying on its own merit, and without the sunshine of your spontaneous favour, Heaven directed towards its possessor!"

This compliment to the bey's independance smoothed the bristles round his heart. His features immediately relaxed; and I thought I could clearly discern athwart what they retained of outward rigidity, an inward smile of approbation. At last his satisfaction even broke out in words. "Right," he cried, "my will alone is my law! If you were the Angel Gabriel, descended from the highest heaven, you must hit my fancy, ere you obtain my favour,—at least here in Valachia. But," added he, wholly unbending, "you know I always liked you in spite of your pranks; nay, perhaps even the better for them. You were clever as a lad, and I trust years have given you discretion without blunting your spirit."

Tell me,—for I know you have been Kiachef in Egypt,—how you got that rank ; and how you contrived to lose it?"

" Thus invited, I gave the bey a sketch of my principal adventures,—not, indeed, drawn with the entire unreserve of these memoirs, but in which, without startling Mavroyeni's belief by an improbable account of my excessive wisdom or virtue, I yet only touched upon my follies and vices with the tender hand of a friend, whose blame is less severe than the praise of an enemy. The last occurrence which I mentioned was the first of my entrance into the bey's dominions, the meeting with Condilly.

" " He was going to Turkey," said I.—" Not so," answered Mavroyeni. " He was speeding to Vienna: he only made a circuit to deceive me. It was not worth the while. I ever knew him do more harm to his friends than to his enemies; and so I ordered that every pass might be opened to him. With you I mean to do the reverse."

I assured the bey I would remain a willing prisoner; and finding that nothing more was wanting of me for the present, made my bow and retired.

Meantime my seemingly interminable audience had fully confirmed the idea of my importance in the anti-room. The mystery which hung over my character only served, like the vapours which envelope a mountain, to magnify my seeming grandeur; and when I stole back among my friends in sheep skin, I found, that during my absence, they had had high words about me: each reproaching the rest for his own incivility. No sooner did they perceive my return, than they all dropped some incidental remark, intended to smooth the way to a more direct address. The gentleman who had the first turned a deaf ear to my salutation, had lost his hearing from a cold; the one who had laughed at me most openly, had been able to think of nothing but a domestic misfortune, which quite distracted his senses; and as to the one who attacked me in articulate speech, he always made it a point, when he saw a stranger of quality anxious to remain incognito, of doing something or other to favour the scheme.

Having thus each dropped his little propitiatory sentence, but without the smallest intention—poor innocent souls!—of its being overheard, they now all with the utmost surprise perceived me standing before them, immediately bowed in the most gracious manner, and all speaking together, ventured in the most obsequious terms to express but what?—is the thing I am unable to tell, as, without stopping to hear it, I left the cringing circle to divide among them a single supercilious glance upon the whole troop collectively, and then turning on my heel, very quietly walked off.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Humourous Recitations in Verse; with Pride and Prejudice, or Strictures on Public Schools. By J. Rondeau, Clayhill Academy, Enfield. 8vo. pp. 152. London, 1820.

THE author of this neat little volume, in his preface, observes, ' that he has committed his efforts to the press, not from the vain presumption that they can endure the scrutiny, or are worthy the notice of criticism, but to spare the time and fatigue of writing out reiterated copies for recitation.' Such a declaration would be sufficient to disarm an ingenuous critic of his severity, were he disposed to exercise it; but, without attempting to analyse a volume evidently written with good intentions, or pointing out those blemishes of composition from which it is by no means exempt, we would impress on Mr. Rondeau, that as he has written for young minds, it would have been better had he avoided any idea which, too coarse and indecent to write, he has expressed by blanks, and left to the ingenuity of the reader to supply. Mr. Rondeau is an enemy to flogging, and this circumstance, we are sure,

will recommend his academy, where, of course, it is not practised. In one of the poems, entitled, 'The Pedagogue's Oration,' and which furnishes a fair specimen of the volume, he has satirically enumerated the virtues of birch; the following is an extract:—

' " Tho' the oak be the prince and the pride of the grove,
An emblem of power, and the favourite of Jove;
Tho' Phœbus his temples with laurels has bound,
And with chaplets of poplar Alcides is crowned;
Tho' Pallas the olive has graced with her choice,
And in pines, mother Cybele's said to rejoice;
Tho' Bacchus delight in the ivy and vine,
And Venus her gardens with myrtle entwine;
Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
No tree can be found to compare with the 'BIRCH.'
The birch, they declare, is the true tree of knowledge,
Revered in each school, and remembered at college.
Tho' Virgil's fanned tree might produce as its fruit
A crop of vain dreams and strange whims from each shoot,
Yet the birch, on each bough, on the top of each switch,
Bears the essence of grammar,—the eight parts of speech.
'Mongst the leaves are concealed more than mem'ry can
mention,
All cases, all genders, and forms of declension.
Nine branches, when cropped by the hands of the Nine,
And duly arranged in a parallel line,
Tied up in nine folds of a mystical string,
Then soaked for nine days in cold Helicon's spring.
A sceptre composed for a Pedagogue's hand,
Like the fasces of Rome, a true badge of command.
The sceptre thus finished, like Moses's rod,
From flints can draw tears, and give life to a clod,
Should darkness Egyptian or impotence spread
Their clouds o'er the mind, or ignorance the head,
This rod, thrice applied, puts the darkness to flight,
Disperses the clouds, and restores us to light.
Like the Virga Divina, 'twill find out the vein
Where lurks the rich metal—the gold of the brain.
Should Genius a captive by sloth be confined,
Or the witchcraft of pleasure prevail o'er the mind,
This magical wand but applied with a stroke,
The spell is dissolved—the enchantment is broke.
Like Hermes's rod these few switches inspire
Rhetorical thunder and poetry's fire!
If Morpheus our temples in Lethe would steep,
These switches untie all the fetters of sleep.
Here dwells strong conviction, of logic the glory,
When 'tis used with precision *& posteriori.*'''

The poem concludes by showing, that flogging is unnecessary, and that,—

— ' a dignified firmness with kindness will move
The dull feelings of clods—and unite fear with love.'

The poems, though entitled 'Humourous,' are not all of that description; the Strictures on Public Schools are in prose dialogue. The volume is embellished with a beautiful frontispiece, and is well adapted for a Christmas present to young scholars.

The History of the Tea Plant, from the Sowing of the Seed, to its Package for the European Market; including every interesting Particular of this admired Exotic. To which are added, Remarks on Imitation Tea, Extent of the Fraud, Legal Enactments against it, and the best Means of Detection. Embellished with a Descriptive Frontispiece. 8vo. pp. 60. London.

THE first order that the East India Company gave for the importation of tea, was in 1667-8; it was for the agents to send home by these ships, 100lbs. weight of the best

tea that you can get.' In 1816, there was consumed in England, no less than 24,640,000lbs., yielding a revenue from this article alone, of 4,130,000l.! Such has been the rapid progress of the domestic use of this celebrated exotic, in a period of less than a century and-a-half. Well, therefore, may the author of this pamphlet observe, that 'tea, whether considered as a dietetic of the most general and extensive use, as an article of commerce, or as a source of revenue, is of considerable importance.'

A more seasonable opportunity could scarcely have occurred for publishing this work, than when the general use of tea is undermined by means so various. Our readers need not be told that, during the last two years in particular, several tea-dealers have been punished for selling spurious tea; a practice which has had a more injurious effect in lessening the consumption of the genuine article, than the senseless tirades of the radical water-drinkers, who pretend to abstain from a draught of porter or a cup of tea, on the double ground of temperance and injuring the revenue. To such individuals, and they are by no means numerous, we will say, in the words of Cawew:—

'We not require the dull society
Of your necessitated temperance,
Or that unnatural stupidity
That knows nor joy, nor sorrow.'

To such as may be afraid of being imposed on by spurious tea, we recommend the directions given in this pamphlet for the choice of good tea, and the means of detecting what is spurious and imitative.

The author, after giving a description of the Tea Plant, the mode of cultivating it, &c. proceeds to an account of its first introduction into England; and here he gives a very curious handbill, issued about the year 1660, by one whom he calls our first tea-maker, a Thomas Garway, of Exchange Alley, who sold tea either in leaf or ready prepared. No universal elixir could boast more virtues than Mr. Garway attributed to tea; we will enumerate a few of them: it is a proper drink for winter and summer, making the body active and lusty,—helpeth the headache,—removeth obstructions of the spleen,—taketh away difficulty of breathing,—cleareth the sight,—causeth a good appetite,—'vanquisheth heavy dreams,—easeth the frame, and strengtheneth the memory.' It overcometh superfluous sleep, and enables a person to spend whole nights in study, without hurt to the body,—prevents and cures agues, fevers, and consumptions. Such are a few of the virtues attributed by Mr. Garway to this famous plant; he then adds,—

"And that the vertues and excellencies of this leaf and drink are many and great, is evident and manifest by the high esteem and use of it, (especially of late years,) among the physicians and knowing men in France, Italy, Holland, and other parts of Christendom; and in England it hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight; and, in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandes, till the year 1657. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those eastern countries; and, upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen,

physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange Alley aforesaid, to drink the drink thereof.'

Although subsequent writers have not confirmed Mr. Garway's observations, as to the medicinal properties of tea, yet they have given the most favourable testimonies of its beneficial effects on the constitution. The author has quoted various authorities in confirmation of this fact, from Bontekoé, a Dutch physician, and one of the earliest writers on the subject, down to Dr. Lettsom, who bore a rather reluctant testimony to its innocent qualities.

The author, in his directions for making tea, says,—

'Tea must be constantly kept from the air, for every time the air gets admission to it, it loses, in some degree, its virtue; and, by being continually exposed to the air, or kept in paper only, it will entirely lose its flavour.'

'The water with which tea is intended to be made, should not be boiled on a smokey sulphureous fire, or in an open vessel, or in any thing that can give it a metallic or other taint.'

'The choice of water is also another principal object in the making of tea; for stagnant water, or water that, after a flood or great rains, is loaded with earthy, or impregnated with metallic particles, is found, by experiment, improper for this use; it does not draw or extract the real flavour, but, on the contrary, gives it a taste which is totally different from its real one. Spring water will not draw off the strength of teas.'

'Great injury arises from drinking tea too hot: neither should it be drunk to excess, that is, in too large quantities, or too frequently.'

'The effect of sugar depends upon the constitution. Double or treble-refined sugar is most proper to attenuate, break, and separate the gross phlegm that loads and stuffs the lungs, and to gently irritate the organs of respiration; coarse sugar contains much more oil, which makes it more proper for hectic constitutions.'

'It is somewhat remarkable, that in England, where tea is so universally drunk, the method of making it is less attended to than in any other country in Europe. A small portion of tea, (even of the middling and inferior kinds,) to a great quantity of water, is a common practice in almost every family; and this custom generally arises not so much from regard to economy, as from the force of habit; but it must be evident that such a method cannot produce that fine fragrant beverage, so much extolled in all parts of the world. *Foreigners universally drink the FINEST teas, and in profusion.* The tea-table is with them one of the first luxuries of life; and though, in this country, in families where it cannot be afforded, economy may be pleaded with propriety, yet those to whom it is a minor consideration, would find the superior flavour and fragrance of the best teas, when made of a proper strength, amply compensate for the difference in expense.—Ladies in particular should not trust to the judgment of their servants in making tea.'

As the best means of detecting spurious tea, the author gives the following directions:—

'Counterfeit Tea from Shrubs.—Upon suspicion of having any counterfeit tea, made from any shrub, either from Chinese or English produce, make a pot of it; pour out a dish, into which put a grain and a half of blue vitriol, or copperas: if it is good genuine green tea, it will turn to a deep blue, next to black; but if it is adulterated, there will appear in it colours of green, yellow, black, &c.

'Counterfeit Black Tea.—A small quantity of this tea will give a deeper colour to the same proportion of water, than if it was good; it produces a reddish brown. When the leaves have been washed, and stood a little, they will look greener than the genuine tea. Dyed black tea is generally much larger: therefore, it is best to buy the small-leaf black tea. Bad black tea may also be distinguished by the milk, when put into it, as it will rise reddish instead of dark brown.

A little copperas put into this liquor will turn it into a light blue, which, otherwise, ought to be of a deep blue, inclining to black; and, lastly, spirits of hartshorn makes the good tea of a brownish yellow, after it has stood awhile, like the new-drawn tincture of saffron, but has not that effect on bad tea.

Counterfeit Green Tea.—Put only a bit of gall into the liquor, and it will turn presently to a deep blackish colour, which it would not, were there no vitriol or copperas in it; for galls do not tincture tea naturally. If the liquor is of a pale green, and inclines to a blueish dye, it is bad; and, as in the preceding articles, spirits of hartshorn will make it of a slight blue colour, and cause a small precipitation, instead of a deep yellow, when it has stood a few minutes.

The value of this curious little work is considerably enhanced by a frontispiece, containing thirteen distinct engravings illustrative of the process of rearing the tea-plant, from the first sowing of the seed to its final pack-age for the European market.

These wood-cuts are admirably executed, and give a better insight into the cultivation of the tea-plant, than elaborate descriptions could afford. We recommend the pamphlet to all tea-drinkers, (a pretty extensive recommendation,) assuring them they will find much information on a subject in which they cannot but feel interested.

The Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts. No. XVI. January, 1820.

THE present number of the 'Quarterly Journal' is less interesting in its contents than usual, and is little calculated to maintain the high reputation which this excellent work has deservedly obtained. Whether it is that the last few months have been less fertile in scientific discovery, or that the conductors of the Journal, presuming on its character, have not made the exertion, we know not; but in this age of literary competition, it requires continued exertion in the editor of a periodical work, either to gain a reputation, or to maintain it when it has been acquired. The following are the principal articles in the present number:—Observations on the Medico Chemical Treatment of Calculous Disorders; by Professor Brande: concluded.—Description of a Differential Thermometer; by Mr. Howard.—A Letter on the Antiquities of New York.—On the Manufacture of British Opium.—Progress of Steam Navigation in Britain.—On the Floatage of small Heavy Bodies in Air.—Journal of a Trip from St. Thome de Angostura, to the Capuchin Missions of the Caroni.—On M. Carnot's Theory of Defence, by Vertical Fire,—and a Paper by Mr. Daniell on a New Hygrometer.

From the article on the Progress of Steam Navigation, we select a few passages, as exhibiting the facility of conveyance, and the habits of locomotion of the British empire:—

'It has been resorted to upon the Clyde to a far greater extent than in any other quarter of the united kingdom, owing to the necessity of adopting the best means of communication between Glasgow, the second city of the island, and its two ports, Port Glasgow and Greenock. The formation of this Frith, besides branching into various sea-water lochs, renders it peculiarly fit for this mode of conveyance, which has been lately infinitely extended by the completion of the Crinan Canal, under the authority of Parliament, laying open all the inlets of the western highlands, and the Hebrides, to the use of the steam boat. The advantages derived from this circumstance will be fully estimated by all those who have

ever made an expedition to Staffa, a part of their Scotch tour, when it is stated, that the traveller may, by means of this conveyance, be now carried in less than twenty-four hours from Greenock to Oban. As soon as the Caledonian Canal is finished, it is intended to continue the Fort William boat from that place, across the island, to Inverness; and, in furtherance of this plan, a vessel is to be placed on Loch-Ness, early in the spring, while another is to connect the distant islands of Lewis and Skye immediately with the most populous part of Scotland.'

The writer then gives a list of twenty-five steam boats which ply on the Clyde, their names, tonnage, and destination:—

'The steam-boats on the Clyde are generally calculated to carry each 120 passengers, but they do not average more than fifty passengers daily, throughout the year. The Rob Roy is fitted to carry 200 passengers, and has carried 220.

'On the Frith or Forth there are four steam-boats, which, upon an average, during summer, carry 500 passengers daily.

'As connected with this subject, the following account of the intercourse of this remote corner of the island is curious, exhibiting an interesting view of the habits of locomotion, so characteristic of our country. The number of passengers which were conveyed along the Forth and Clyde canal, between Glasgow and Edinburgh, amounted, in 1818, to 94,250; between Glasgow and Paisley, by the Ardrossan canal, 51,700; and from Glasgow, along the Monkland canal, 18,000.

'Steam vessels also ply on the Tay, the Humber, the Trent, the Thames, the Dee, and the Mersey; and the great success of the Talbot, between Holyhead and Howth, promises fair to render the intercourse between the two islands as perfect as between two parts of the same island.'

The following extract relates to coach travelling:—

'It is calculated that a person has 1500 opportunities of leaving London in the course of the twenty-four hours, by stage-coaches, including the repeated trips of the coaches which ply the short distances. It is understood, that about 300 stage coaches pass through Hyde Park corner daily. There are about forty Brighton coaches. There are eighty-four coaches belonging to Birmingham, of which forty are daily; to Chester nineteen, of which sixteen are daily; to Manchester, seventy, of which fifty-four are daily. In the year 1770, there belonged only two stage coaches to Manchester, one to London, the other to Liverpool, and they went only twice a week; there are now twenty coaches pass backward and forward daily between these two places. There are sixty coaches belonging to Liverpool, of which fifty-six are daily; to Preston, twelve; to York, eighteen, of which ten are daily; to Hull, twelve; to Newcastle, six; to Glasgow, thirteen; to Edinburgh, thirty-nine; to Aberdeen, nine; and to Inverness, three.'

'The mail-coach establishment, by far the most perfect public arrangement ever attempted and carried into practice, is now extended from Falmouth, through London, to Thurso; from the extremity of Cornwall to the extremity of Caithness; a distance of 1082 miles.'

'On the late meeting of Parliament, one posting-house, at Barnet, had out at the same time, fifty-four pair of horses; what part of Europe could do the same?'

'But the same perfect system of speedy and comfortable means of communication is not confined to land, for there are twenty-five smacks employed between London and Leith, the finest sea-boats in the world, and fitted up with every attention to comfort and elegance; performing each, on an average, thirteen voyages, or twenty-six trips, in the course of the year, and carrying twelve passengers each trip.'

There is one curious fact exhibited by these statements, the great influence which London exerts upon the most distant parts of the island, giving, as it were, life and activity to the whole,

HISTORY OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

(FROM PAYNE'S HISTORY OF THE ROYAL RESIDENCES.)

CHARLES THE FIRST, previously to the commencement of his misfortunes, frequently resided at Windsor; and, like many of his royal predecessors, made it his place of retreat in times of civil commotion. To its sanctuary he retired from the insults of a tumultuous populace, in the winter of 1642; at which time the Committee of the House of Commons followed the King from Westminster to Windsor, in boats, guarded by a great number of watermen, and there prevailed upon his Majesty to desist from his prosecution of the impeached members.

The castle, shortly subsequent to this, was possessed by the republican general, Sir William Waller, who held his quarters there with four thousand horse and foot. General Fairfax, in the year 1645, lay at Windsor with his army, and from thence dispatched the too successful Cromwell with the detachment of horse, that did such fatal execution upon four regiments of the king's cavalry. It was also at this castle that Cromwell and Ireton, and the other puritanical rebel officers, after *seeking the Lord*, drew up the audacious remonstrance, which they sent to Parliament, demanding that the King should be brought to justice, and that the Prince of Wales and Duke of York should be proclaimed traitors, unless they submitted within a limited time.

In the latter end of the year 1648, Windsor Castle was destined to receive the unfortunate monarch, who was conducted thither a prisoner, by Colonel Harrison, his armies being defeated and dispersed, his friends ruined, and his sacred person insulted. Here the royal captive remained, while the vile remnant of the House of Commons was preparing for that mockery of justice, which formed part of the tragedy of 1648-9.

After the murder of the king, Windsor Castle became the prison of the Earl of Norwich, the Lord Capel, and the Duke of Hamilton.

The eldest son of James I, Prince Henry, who died in his nineteenth year, cultivated the study of the arts and sciences, and began to collect a gallery of pictures, which formed the nucleus of the magnificent collection that graced the palaces of the enlightened King Charles. Such noble monuments of human genius were an abomination to the puritans. The pictures and other treasures of art were sold by Cromwell and his adherents, and banished the country.

Charles was not only a scholar, but possessed a more than ordinary knowledge of the liberal arts; he was perfectly acquainted with the merits of every school of painting, was an excellent judge of architecture, and was well skilled in the history and value of medals. He was a generous benefactor to the professors of painting, and encouraged the most celebrated foreign masters to reside in England. The collection of this sovereign was the admiration of Europe; and, after his death, foreign princes were eager to enrich their cabinets with the works which his superior taste had selected for his own. The pictures which formed that part of the Royal Gallery called the Mantua Collection, alone cost the king eighty thousand pounds.

One of the first acts of Oliver Cromwell and his colleagues, after the death of the king, was the disposal of the pictures, statues, tapestry hangings, and other splendid ornaments of the royal palaces. Among the distinguished purchasers of this valuable plunder, was the Car-

dinal Mazzin, who had basely courted Cromwell during the life of King Charles, and who now gave large sums for the rich goods and jewels of the rifled crown, and decorated his palace at Paris, with the superb beds, hangings, and carpets of the royal mansions of England.

The ambassador from Spain, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, having, during his residence here, malignantly enjoyed the persecutions of the English king, purchased, after his death, a number of the finest pictures in the royal collection, and sent them to Madrid, where they now remain within the walls of the Escorial.

Christina, Queen of Sweden, purchased from these plunderers several pictures of great price, and many of the choicest medals and jewels.

The Archduke Leopold expended large sums for many of the best pictures, which were sent into Germany.

Some splendid and rich tapestry, wrought for Charles when Prince of Wales, was also purchased by Leopold, which found its way again into England, being repurchased at Brussels for the sum of 3000l. by Frederic, Prince of Wales, the father of his present majesty.

The greater part of the royal collection was appraised and sold by order of the Parliament, several paintings belonging to which produced higher sums than those at which they were valued.

A considerable number of the splendid pictures of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, when the estates of that family were seized by the Parliament, experienced the fate of the royal collection.

One part of this gallery had been collected by the great Rubens, for which the duke paid him 10,000l. Sir Henry Wotton, when ambassador at Venice, purchased many valuable pictures for his grace. That this collection must have been magnificent, may be inferred from what escaped the rapacity of the Parliament. There were left nineteen by Titian; seventeen by Tintoretto; thirteen by Paul Veronese; eight by Palma; three by Guido; thirteen by Rubens; three by Leonardo da Vinci; two by Correggio; three by Raffaele; and many others by esteemed masters. These had been preserved by Mr. Traylman, an old servant of the duke's establishment, and were sent to Antwerp, to be sold for the benefit of the young Duke of Buckingham, then in exile.

The castle, although the occasional residence of the lord protector, was so changed and so dilapidated, that King Charles II determined to repair the whole; and to give it additional splendour, employed the best painters, carvers, and other decorators of the time, to enrich the apartments with their united skill. These alterations appear to have been executed under the direction of Sir John Denham, master of the works; Sir Christopher Wren, his coadjutor and successor to that office; and Baptist May, surveyor of the works to Charles II.

The upper ward at this time was materially changed; the windows were made of equal dimensions, and altered from the Gothic to a style incompatible with the character of the building; hence the whole, with the equestrian statue of this monarch in the centre of the ward, although grand, from its spaciousness and apparent regularity, produced an incongruous effect.

The equestrian statue in brass of Charles II was erected at the expense of Tobias Rustat, for many years yeoman of the robes to the king, both during his exile and after the restoration: another bronze statue of his royal master, he caused to be placed in the middle of the great

court in Chelsea Hospital ; and a bronze statue of his unfortunate brother, James II, in the Privy Gardens, Whitehall. The statue at Windsor, with its subsequent alterations, cost the grateful servant 1300l. ; that at Chelsea, 1000l. ; and the statue of James, 1000l. Rustat was a benevolent man, and a munificent patron of learning, who generously feeling for youth of liberal sentiments, not possessing the means to acquire a competent subsistence at the universities, bestowed a considerable part of his fortune upon young students at Oxford and Cambridge. He founded eight scholarships at Jesus' College, Cambridge, for the orphans of indigent clergymen, and gave 1000l. to be applied to the uses of thirteen poor fellowships at St. John's, Oxford ; also, a considerable sum for the augmentation of poor vicarages in Leicestershire, and an annuity to six widows of orthodox clergymen for ever. These formed but a part of his benevolences. He died in the year 1693.

Nearly the whole of the improvements that were designed by King Charles, were completed under the direction of Verrio, the painter of the ceilings in Windsor Castle. Some of the state apartments were hung with tapestry, and most were adorned with pictures and other rich furniture. No sovereign since the illustrious Edward III, had expended so much upon the castle ; nor had any other prince shewn so great an attachment to the spot ; for here the social monarch spent his summer months, surrounded by a court more distinguished for levity and wit, than for those moral qualities, without which the charms of wit, aided by every external grace, can add nothing to the dignity of a throne.

Original Communications.

A WORD OR TWO FOR THE AGED POOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR.—At this severe season, now Winter appears in all his terrors, and the icicles are suspended round our habitations ; now many of us are in our little castles, blessed with every earthly comfort ;—shall we be entirely unmindful of those who are exposed in the tempest ? In our poetical fancies, we endeavour to draw sympathy for an oak stripped of its vernal honours. In our love of the picturesque, we dwell with enthusiasm over a ruin, and shall we not notice a poor old man or woman, destitute of home, fire, food, and clothing. It may be argued, that many are impostors, many have led dissipated lives, and are therefore unworthy of the benefits of benevolence :—true, but no argument is tantamount when necessity urges some kind of relief, and Christian virtue has no bounds where a hope of reclaiming is extended ; besides, we had better err on the right side, and assist even the melancholy knave than let a tried and broken spirit wane out of time into eternity unblessed. But, by a judicious discrimination, we can generally discover who is worthy and who is worthless, as well as perceive the difference between art and nature. Age can deceive no one ; a starved countenance represents its members as an index to the pages and chapters of a book ; nudity will be as obvious as trees shivered by lightning ; the want of home proves the absence of fire ; and can a sight be more affecting than an aged parent in such a state ! The ancients thought it a crime to neglect old age, and, in numerous instances, pu-

nished the inhumane and ungrateful with rigorous severity. Many have not children to assist them,—their once pretended friends desert them in poverty ;—what an inestimable blessing that parochial workhouses are so uncomplainingly supported ; yet these are not adapted to every case, and solitary instances, under peculiar circumstances, require aid : the more mysterious the cause, the more perseverance the philosopher uses to understand it ; effects are natural, consequences follow. But the cause we plead is known to all, therefore may be partially removed. Would not much good arise, if ministers, in and out of the established church, would preach a sermon for the temporary relief of the aged poor in their several districts ? The answer to this question is plain, and it is my ardent prayer they will try the experiment, or the luxuries most of them enjoy are vainly bestowed. Your's sincerely, P.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

THE evening was serene and quiet, not a ruffling breeze was heard sweep its way through the placid atmosphere, nor warbling zephyr seen to disturb the wild flowers of the field. The town partook of the stillness,—every whisper that caught the ear was that of sorrow. The occasion was a mournful one—the wreck of a soldier was to be given to his mother earth. His brothers in arms, who were to form the melancholy procession, appeared—their march was as slow as their feelings were quick. They held their arms reversed,—levity had fled from every countenance. They had reached the abode of death, when, stopping with a dismal solemnity before the door, then falling back along the path-way, they waited in silence the coming out of the sable clad bier. How transient, alas ! are the revolutions of life to the contemplative mind. Here, is now seen nothing but tears in the silence of grief, and anguish in the bitterness of lamentation, where, but a short time ago, sported delight, the handmaid of content and pleasure, the attendant of happiness. And these, I said, casting my eyes around on those whom curiosity led to the spot, or whom affection impelled to witness the last obsequies of the remains of their friend, are but living monuments of mortality. Thus, from viewing life, I began to stray beyond its precincts, and imperceptibly wandered into the wide domain of conjecture, till the ideal phantom was dispelled by the opening of the door, whose hinges creaked, as if unwilling to give a passage to the corpse of a master who had now ceased to command its being open to the needy. Every eye was arrested by the appearance of the coffin ; six of his friends, distinguished as such now by their office, received it on their shoulders, while another six bore up his pall. The sword, sash, and cap of the fallen soldier were now placed conspicuously on the top of the coffin. The different companies then took their stations,—the muffled band proceeded to the bier, and all wore the look of readiness ; too ready, alas, for the weeping widow, who 'rapt in herself, now moved with reluctant step to give movement to the procession. She stood alone, like a desolate landmark, threatening the married and warning the unmarried. The heart of every virgin who viewed her recoiled from a fleeting happiness purchased so dearly, while the wife felt a secret dread from her situation ; nay, even the indifferent spectator melted with a congenial sympathy. The overflowing of her soul already furrowed those cheeks which had so lately glowed full in the prime of life, as she was yet some years on this

side of thirty. She held in her arms an infant, about four months old, which clung to her breast with an instinctive fondness, and seemed striving to allay by its pressure the agonizing workings of its mother's bosom. Two lovely and beautiful little girls walked before her, and immediately followed the corpse. Poor orphans, thus early deprived of the protecting care of a father.

The procession moved slowly on towards the village, where they had to consign their charge to the silent grave. I walked along with them, about half the way, when I left the procession, taking my course across some fields, soon reached the village of W—, the place of their destination. I entered the church-yard, where the mournful yew trees and time-beaten elms gave additional solemnity to the sacred depository. After gazing a while on the

'Frail memorials
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,'

I seated myself on one peculiarly suited to my feelings, and which commanded a fine prospect of the approaching procession; I stopped till it caught my sight, when these beautiful words of a friend and a poet, on a like occasion, came forcibly into my mind; I repeated them to myself with a secret satisfaction:—

'And now behold the mournful host appear,
Silent and slow,
Deep sunk in woe,
And now the sable bier;
The hollow drum's long interrupted sound,
And fife in plaintive sorrows drown'd,
Thrills mournful on the ear;
And heavy sighs
Sadly arise
From female souls convuls'd with inward pain;
All sunk in sadness, silently complain.'

I now rose up with the intention of going to meet it at its entrance, but before I could withdraw myself from the hillocks around me, in which slept the silent dead, now made companions by reflection, the church-yard had received its unwilling visitors. Two female relatives, who followed the chief mourner, were obliged to assist her fainting steps as she entered; in her countenance was depicted every expression of misery which the school of painting can depict, or the gloomy eloquence of Hegesias could describe. The aged grave digger, whose grey locks peeped out from under his slouched hat, was prepared for them, as they left the church, after sending orisons up to heaven for the departed spirit. The first part of his work was already performed, and situate in a corner of the yard, which was shaded by two solitary trees; he supported himself with his spade on the newly dug up earth, and to the attentive observer his looks spoke a wish for the completion of the ceremony. This final goal was now reached,—a tremulous murmur was heard breathe its way from every bosom, the moment the body was lowered into the narrow house. The minister of God raised his heaven-directed eyes, impressing on his audience a sacred dread of that tribunal before which we must all finally appear, while pronouncing with sublime pathos the energetic words of 'dust to dust.' The awful requiem being finished, the soldiers fired three rounds of musketry over their regretted comrade. The smokey volumes, owing to the calmness of the day, prevented me, for some time, from perceiving that the spade now no longer supported in idleness one whom experience had taught so well how to use it, as he had already nearly filled up the chasm with

bones mouldering into dust, and dust claying into clay. The consecrated spot was as quickly bedewed by the pearly drops of the wife and her sobbing little ones; but alas! they could not penetrate the abode of the object that occasioned them. The universal womb of nature was now closed for ever, on a son whose virtues made his dwelling here no longer necessary; he who had come among us like one of those evanescent meteors on a dark night, which strikes the sight of a favoured few, only that they may admire its momentary blaze.—So appeared and disappeared the beloved F—. His life seemed shortest because the rarest.

J. D.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

If J. R. P. would allow *me* to produce a most useful member of society, I would not select the lawyer, because he is fond of litigation, nor the apothecary, although I respect him, because he has been commended by a better pen*, nor the profligate, because he is generous in consulting his own indulgence, but I would quickly decide in favour of the *schoolmaster*.

Shall I ungratefully forget him, who, in my days of tender childhood, cultivated my infant ideas and taught them to expand their blossoms, which, humble as they are, would have been far more humble, had not this mental gardener planted the intellectual seeds in good ground, and watered them with wholesome draughts, and watched them with a fostering care. Without his kind tutoring aid, I might now unhappily have stalked in the image, without the soul of a man! I might have been an Englishman by birth, but a rude and degenerate African in mind!

May I ever entertain a grateful sense of the great assistance which I have derived from his laborious attention to my welfare! May I assiduously learn to improve each ingenious thought, for which I am indebted to his instruction!

I acknowledge, with gratitude and pleasure, that it was he who taught me the martial feats of the ambitious Alexander—the greatness of the illustrious Cæsar, the noble generosity of Scipio—the sublime philosophy of Aristotle—the turbid harangues of Demosthenes—and the elegant eloquence of Cicero; and it was he who perfected me in the mathematics, and in Roman, Grecian, and Hebraic literature. He it was who led me over the flowery paths of science, and directed me, a poor, ignorant, wandering traveller, to the illuminated temple of learning. These are favours which I ought well to appreciate, and for which I shall best testify my gratitude, by their improvement and good application.

And yet, alas! there are many who improperly either entirely forget these inestimable gifts, or very much undervalue them; in either case they betray ignorance, ingratitude, and folly!

In the flow of youth, and in the decline of age, may the watchful monitor of my juvenile hours never be forgotten by

.. T.

HISTORY OF WATER SNAKES, SEA SNAKES, AND SEA SERPENTS;

Particularly those recently seen in the American Seas.

(FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

In a dissertation, published in the United States, by C. S. Rafinesque, Esq. he states that the ancients gave

* See *Literary Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 476.

the name of water snakes and sea snakes to many fishes of the eel tribe, which bear an apparent likeness to land snakes, although they differ materially, on examination, by having fins and gills, and neither lungs nor scales; that many land snakes are in the habit of going into the water in pursuit of their food, or to escape their enemies, and they have been called water snakes, when found in that element; and that real water and sea snakes had been noticed at a very early period by navigators in the Atlantic Ocean and the Indian Seas; but, as they had not been destroyed, eminent naturalists had doubted their existence, believing that eels, or similar fishes, had been mistaken for snakes.

Russel described and figured many of them, in his splendid work on the Snakes of the coast of Coromandel. Schneider established for them his genus *hydras*, which wrong name has been with much propriety changed into *hydrophis*. They have since been described in all the works on entomology, by Shaw, Latreille, Daudin, &c.; and those last writers have divided them into four genera, *enhydris*, *platurus*, *pelamis*, and *hydrophis*; which form a peculiar tribe or natural family in the order of snakes, to which Mr. R. gives the name of *platuria*, (*platurians*, flat-tails or water snakes.) They are completely distinguished from the land snakes, by having a compressed tail, which serves them as an oar or rudder, enabling them to swim with great swiftness; and, from the fishes of the eel tribe, by having neither gills nor fins. They breathe through lungs, at remote periods, whence they generally live near the surface of the water, like the animals of the whale tribe. They prey on fishes and sea animals, and some of them have venomous fangs. Many are known to come on land, like turtles, to deposit their eggs.

He then describes the several species thus:—

Family, Platuria.—VI. Genus. Ophinectes, Raf. Differing from *pelamis*, by having a compressed body and a carinated or angular abdomen. I arrange in this new genus all the sea snakes mentioned in Peron's Travels: they were all found on the western and southern shores of Australia, or New Holland; such as may have fangs ought to belong to the genus *Natrix*, and those with cylindrical bodies, to the genus *Pelamis*.

1. Sp. *Ophinectes cinerus*, Raf. *Cinerus ophinectes*. Entirely gray or ash colour.

2. Sp. *Ophinectes viridis*, Raf. *Green ophinectes*. Entirely green.

3. Sp. *Ophinectes luteus*, Raf. *Yellow ophinectes*. Entirely yellow.

4. Sp. *Ophinectes cærulescens*, Raf. *Bluish ophinectes*. Entirely of a bluish colour.

5. *Ophinectes versicolor*, Raf. *Versicolor ophinectes*. Varied with many transverse cones, blue, white, red, green, and black. Many species are probably meant here.

6. Sp. *Ophinectes maculatus*, Raf. *Spotted ophinectes*. Covered with many irregular large spots. Many species.

7. Sp. *Ophinectes punctatus*, Raf. *Dotted ophinectes*. Coloured with numberless small dots. Many species.

8. Sp. *Ophinectes erythrocephalus*, Raf. *Red-headed ophinectes*. Head of a beautiful red; body * * * *.

9. Sp. *Ophinectes dorsalis*, Raf. *Backed ophinectes*. Dark-green with large spots of yellow, and light-green on the back; length, three or four feet; near De Witt's Land.

10. Sp. *Ophinectes major*, Raf. *Large ophinectes*. Green, spotted with red and brown. Length, from eight to ten feet: also from the shores of De Witt's Island.

Mr. R. warns those who are inclined to inquire into the subject, not to be deceived by the imperfect and exaggerated accounts of ancient or unknown writers. Whenever they mention neither the scales nor tail of their sea serpents, or when they assert they had no scales, or had gills or fins, you must, in all those instances, be certain that they are real fishes rather than serpents. There might, however, be found some sea snakes without scales, since there are such land snakes; and there are fishes with scales and yet without fins: but there are no fishes without gills, and no snakes or serpents with gills! In that important character the classical distinction consists.

Nearly all writers have given the name of sea snakes to the large eels or fishes they happened to observe. This is the case with Pontoppidan, in his Natural History of Norway; with Mongitore, in his Remarkable Objects of Sicily; with Leguat, in his Travels to Rodriguez Island, &c. Their observations, and the facts they record, are, notwithstanding, equally valuable, since they relate to monstrous unknown fishes, which seldom fall under the observation of men. The individuals of huge species are not numerous in nature, either on land or in water; and it is probable they often become extinct, for want of food or re-production.

Among the four different animals, he says, which have lately been observed by Americans, and named sea serpents, only one (the Massachusetts serpent) appears to be such: another is evidently a fish, and two are doubtful. He then offers a few remarks on each.

1. *The Massachusetts Sea Serpent*.—From the various and contradictory accounts given of this monster by eyewitnesses, the following description may be collected. It is about one hundred feet long; the body is round, and nearly two feet in diameter, of a dark-brown, and covered with large scales in transverse rows; its head is scaly, brown mixed with white, of the size of a horse's, and nearly the shape of a dog's; the mouth is large, with teeth like a shark; its tail is compressed, obtuse, and shaped like an oar. This animal came in August last, into the bay of Massachusetts in pursuit of shoals of fishes, herrings, squids, &c. on which it feeds. Its motions are very quick; it was seen by a great many; but all attempts to catch it have failed, although five thousand dollars have been offered for its spoils. It is evidently a real sea snake, belonging, probably, to the genus *Pelamis*, which may be called *Pelamis megophias*, which means Great Sea Snake Pelamis. It might, however, be a peculiar genus, which the long equal scales seem to indicate, and which a closer examination might have decided: in that case, the name of *Megophias monstrosus* might have been appropriated to it.

2. *Captain Brown's Sea Serpent*.—This fish was observed by Captain Brown, in a voyage from America to St. Petersburg, in July 1818, near 60° N. latitude and 8° W. longitude, or north of Ireland. In swimming, the head, neck, and fore-part of the body, stood upright like a mast; it was surrounded by porpoises and fishes. It was smooth, without scales, and had eight gills under the neck; which decidedly evinces that it is not a snake, but a new genus of fish! belonging to the eighth order, *Trematopneia*, 28th family *Ophictria*, and 3rd sub-family *Catremia*, along with the genera *Sphagebranchus* and *Sym-*

branchus, of Bloch, which differ by having only one or two round gills under the neck. This new genus may be called Octipos, (meaning eight gills beneath;) head depressed, mouth transverse, large, eight transverse gills under the neck; and its specific name and definition will be Octipos bicolor. Dark-brown above, muddy-white beneath: head obtuse. Captain Brown adds, that the head was two feet long, the mouth fifteen inches, and the yees over the jaws similar to the horse's; the whole length might be fifty-eight feet.

3. *The Scarlet Sea Serpent.*—This was observed in the Atlantic Ocean, by the captain and crew of an American vessel from New York, while reposing and coiled-up, near the surface of the water, in the summer of 1816. It is very likely that it was a fish, and, perhaps, might belong to the same genus with the foregoing. It is entirely of a bright crimson: head acute. Nothing further descriptive was added in the gazettes where the account was given, except that its length was supposed to be about forty feet.

4. *Lake Erie Serpent.*—It appears that our large lakes have huge serpents or fishes, as well as the sea. On the 3rd of July, 1817, one was seen on Lake Erie, three miles from land, by the crew of a schooner, which was thirty-five or forty feet long, and one foot in diameter; its colour was a dark mahogany, nearly black. This account is very imperfect, and does not even notice if it had scales; therefore, it must remain doubtful whether it was a snake or a fish. It has been seen again, and described to be of a copper colour, with bright eyes, and sixty feet long. It is added, that, at a short distance, balls had no effect on him: but it is omitted to mention whether it was owing to having hard scales, (in which case it might be a real snake of the genus Enhydris or Pelamis,) or to the inexterity of the marksman.

5. It appears, that another large species of water snake is noticed by D. Felix Azara, in his *Travels in South America*, under the name of Curlyu, which may belong to the genus Pelamis, although he has omitted to describe its tail and scales. It may be called and characterized as follows:—Pelamis curis. Spotted and variegated, or black and yellowish white. It measures over [more than] ten feet, and is of the size of the leg: it lives in the lakes and rivers of Paraguay. It goes sometimes on land (and among shrubs), but moves heavily: it has a dreadful aspect, but does not bite; it lives on fishes, young otters, apereas, and copibaras.

6. Mr. W. Lee has brought to notice another sea snake, seen by him many years ago near Cape Breton and Newfoundland, which was over two hundred feet long, with the back of a dark-green; it stood on the water in flexuous hillocks, and went through it with impetuous noise. This appears to be the largest on record, and might well be called Pelamis monstrosus; but, if there are other species of equal size, it must be called then Pelamis chloronotis, or Green-back Pelamis.

7. Dr. Samuel Mitchill exhibited to the Lyceum of Natural History, at the sitting of the 15th September, the specimen of a species of sea snake from his museum, sent him some years ago from Guadalupe by M. Ricord de Mariana, which appears to be another species belonging to the genus Enhydris, to which the name of Enhydris Annularis may be given.

8. A fabulous account of a great water snake, that, according to the Indian tradition, dwelt in ancient times in

a lake near Philadelphia, may be seen in Dr. Barton's *Medical and Physical Journal*, vol ii, p. 168. As another Indian tradition, relating to the mammoth, the megalona, &c. it may be partly founded on truth.

8. The great sea snake was seen again towards the middle of September, in the bay of Massachusetts, and it had three yellow collars on his neck, which has led some to believe it might be another individual and species; but this circumstance might have been overlooked before. It is not stated whether it had streaks of a lighter hue on the body, as the first was represented to have, by some witnesses. It is, therefore, likely that the two characters of 'streaks of a lighter hue on the body, and three yellow collars on the neck,' may be added to its description. The collars are described as about two inches broad, and one foot apart. General Hawkins has written a memoir on the sea serpents of Massachusetts, which he has sent, with a drawing, to Sir Joseph Banks; it is a paper of some length, and much interest, as it relates facts, and all the circumstances attending the appearance and natural history of those huge animals, taken upon oaths of eyewitnesses. He attempts to prove, with much probability, that several individuals have been seen, and two, at least, if not three, species; one with three collars, another without any, and also a smaller one.

Original Poetry.

STANZAS

Occasioned by the Birth of my Sister's First Child.

Joy to the pair, by love's rose-wreath united!
Ne'er may its blossoms by discord be blighted;
But flourish, expanding in beauty each day,
Warm'd and nourish'd, thro' life, by affection's pure ray!

Joy to the pair on whom heaven hath smil'd!
Whose hopes have been blest in a beauteous child;
May virtue adorn, and may loveliness shed
A halo of purity round its young head!

Joy to the father!—What bliss fills his breast
As he views his young babe by its mother caress'd!
Ah! feels not his bosom a throb of delight,
As thought o'er his happiness wings its swift flight?

Joy to the mother!—Her perils are past;
See, she clasps her young offspring in safety at last!
May this sweet bud of love live its fragrance to shed,
When the winter of age spreads its snow o'er her head.

Joy to thee, babe, with thy lovely blue eyes!
May anguish ne'er ruffle thy bosom with sighs!
As thou smil'st on the world, may the world smile on thee,
And thy life be from trouble and misery free.

Joy to thee, Hymen's garland composing!
May Hope spread its balm o'er your eyelids when closing;
And the joys your fond souls are in visions partaking,
In realities gladden your eyelids when waking!

Y. F.

TO MELANCHOLY.

WELCOME, thou frequent inmate of my breast,
Stern Melancholy, nobler feelings nurse,
And banish from my soul all lighter thoughts!
Thou art the offspring of deep meditation,
Of tender feeling, and of generous love;
Thou canst exalt the soul to heights sublime,
Above the paltry gusts of worldly glory,

And show a man himself,—that wond'rous compound
Of all that's good and vile,—that's great and pitiful—
Pure and corrupt—yet still incomprehensible,
To what far confines of the world of nature
Imagination tends its daring flight;
And oft in what dense air of Circe's care,
Of sensual luxury, and of foul excess,
Its airy wings are burthen'd—still in vain
Essaying to shake off the cumb'rous load,
And still with desp'rare shame succumbing to its weight!
Oh man! oh reptile! how can I reflect
On what thou might'st be—what thou art, alas!
How that the seeds of Eden's choicest fruits
Are sown within thy fertile soil, and how
Choked up and clogg'd by mundane vanities,
By tasteless sensuality—and not
Feel o'er my heart the sickening of despair
Come, like the breath of Siroc's deadly blast
O'er Afric's baleful clime, black, withering all
Hope's loveliest blossoms—and o'erspreading there
One dark dull desert of despair and woe?
There's but one meteor, gleaming from afar,
To light the dreary prospect;—should that fail,
Farewell to peace!—my brain, I fear, will then
Boil with mad tumult, and my reeling sense
Yield up its throne to anarchy and ruin—
That such may ne'er be mine the direful lot,
To Thee, Supreme Disposer of events,
Who know'st my erring weakness, I confide,
And still lift up my soul in adoration.

22nd July, 1819.

* * M.

TIS LOVE.

WHAT bliss is that each bosom knows,
Or sleep, or waking, still the same—
That robs the cheek of nature's rose,
A spark that soon becomes a flame?
 'Tis love!

When wine salutes the clay cold lip,
Its fume the brain, like lightning, fires;
The sparkling bowl—the gentle sip—
What is it, then, the soul inspires?
 'Tis love!

When glances dart from liquid eyes,
As bright as stars that gem the night,
What fills the soul with sweet surprize—
With joy supreme—and blest delight?
 'Tis love!

The callous wretch, in tranquil hour,
Forgets the pangs his heart conceals,
Submissive to the luring pow'r,
Exclaims the joy—the bliss he feels—
 Is Love! WILFORD.

THE BEAUTIES AND BLESSINGS OF NATURE INCAPABLE OF RELIEVING 'A MIND DISEASED.'

THERE is many an innocent pleasure
That waits on a mind at ease,
There are scenes that the eye may measure,
Till it doats on what it sees;
There is nature about us, waking
Her million harmonies,
And the heart must, indeed, be breaking,
That draws no delight from these.
And yet dull is the sweet bird's singing,
And dreary the fields, though green,
To the bosom despair is wringing,
With pangs that are deep and keen;

It sees nothing grand in the mountain,—
The gentlest valley is mean,—
And vulgar the loveliest fountain,
Though bright its silvery stream.

And thus, though accustomed to gather
From nature a soothing balm,
She is powerless now, or rather,
There's poison in every charin.
For mine is a lone heart, deserted
By all that could comfort or calm;
Hope, Confidence,—Love have departed,
And left it a prey to alarm.

J. W. D.

HEALTH : A GLEE.

HEALTH to the sun that reigns above;
Health to the son our prince below;
Health to the pretty girl we love,
And let the goblet flow.

Health to the moon so young and bright,—
To beauty in delicious glow,
With rosy hues and veiny white,
Where lips and eyes will go.
Health to the stars in clear skies set;
The British fair, our stars of earth;
To friendship absent—friendship met,—
To concord, peace, and mirth.

J. R. P.

Fine Arts.

PAINTING ON PLATE GLASS.

IT was a saying of the great Archimedes, 'give me but room to stand, and I will move the world!' And in modern times, we have found very many men, who have willingly and generously devoted their time and fortunes to the attempt at an ingenious improvement in science and arts. In such cases, the public will best testify its gratitude by encouragement and approbation. But, in many instances of pretended improvement, the deceiver is the only person who derives therefrom a benefit. But the exhibition which we shall presently notice will stand the test of rigid inquiry, as the subjects constituting it have been purified in the fire.

The ancients, supposing it to be impossible to cause various colours scientifically composed to adhere to glass, and yet admiring the beauty of coloured glass, had recourse to cutting pieces of single colours into shapes, corresponding with the form which they intended to delineate. Thus, we shall find a Virgin Mary made of twenty pieces, with a gown of blue glass, and the shades supplied by pieces of black inserted; her petticoat composed of pieces of vermillion colour, and her hands, feet, and face described by jointed pieces of carnation colour. But this was found to be so imperfect a mode of delineation (*painting* it cannot be termed), that artists applied their attention to the composition of colours which might be laid on glass with a pencil, in the usual way, and which, by burning, would adhere thereto. Albert Durier was very successful in his attempts, and gained fame by his glass paintings. It has been erroneously stated, that the secret was unknown until the beginning of the last century, when Oliver and Pain gained much fame by their productions for some colleges at Oxford, but to assert this seems to be a denying of well authenticated facts. Like many other inventions, it was but little practised, in consequence

of the expense and labour incurred in its execution, and, on that ground, we may reasonably account for the rarity of such performances. The wretched mosaics, or *water colour* paintings, frequently *decorating* (as it is termed), the arched windows of ancient Gothic edifices, sometimes please the spectator, in lightening the gloom which pervades the heavy architecture of the Goths.

But the perfection which may be attained in this very interesting branch of the fine arts, will scarcely be credited by those who have not witnessed the exhibition of the beautiful paintings on plate glass by M. Dihl, exhibited at the Western Exchange, Old Bond Street, which unite beauty of composition with accuracy of style, and richness of colouring with the sober modesty of nature. There is a decided advantage attending the painting on glass, which is, that the very light of nature (so very desirable for the artist) is called in to aid the illusion of pencil delineation. We view the colours through the same transparent medium through which we survey at home the neighbouring view. And no common praise is due to the artist, M. Dihl, for having, after twenty-five years' labour and the expenditure of a fortune, achieved the invention of rich, transparent, and durable *metallic* colours, which strictly adhere to the glass, without so strong a heat as would cause its fusion, and on which neither time nor weather can effect any injury. The colours are imperishable as the glass itself, and therefore these paintings might remain as they now are for twenty centuries, without injury; so that the two supreme advantages of beauty and duration are attained by the very able invention now under notice. Too often do we find a painting of extraordinary merit sacrificed by the injury necessarily attending perishable materials. The picture of the 'Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci, and the 'Cartoons' of Raffaele, are proofs of this, the former having been entirely destroyed, and the colours of the latter have, in some parts, become much faded, particularly in the shades which were painted with a sort of printer's ink, which has acquired a dirty ash colour.

Of all the agreeable illusions which have been produced from the pencil, that exhibited in these glass paintings is one of the most complete and pleasing.

The first division contains three pictures: 1. Port of Rochelle; 2. A road near Paris; 3. Canal in the environs of Paris: the perspective and truth of scenery of these pictures are very excellent. Second division: Park at Villa Borghese. The temple of Venus in the middle of the canal, ornamented by a fountain, and the great promenade of the park, with those marble statues, vases, and sculptured Naiads, which abound in French gardens, render this scene very interesting. In none of the paintings, perhaps, is the superiority of M. Dihl's invention more evident, than in the snow picture, forming the third division, representing a Dutch canal, with skaiters and forges, with the town of Anvers in the distance. Other painters have formed their whites by applying emery to the glass, but M. Dihl has invented a beautiful, clear, transparent white, without the appearance of vitreous particles on the paintings, and much superior to the dirty whites in common use. The observer may well fancy himself transported to the scene before him and shivering with cold upon the ice, where the sportive skaiters are enjoying their active diversion. Let the spectator carefully observe the difference in the appearance of the snow upon the top and at the sides of the forge-house, from that lodged upon the

trunk of the large tree—a difference caused by the slight thaw produced in particular parts by the heat of the forge. The snow-clothed tree is an admirable representation of nature. The fine effect of this picture is caused by the substituting of natural light in the place of paint, which is merely a corporeal representative, as well as by the close imitation of nature pursued by the artist. The fourth division, the Park of St. Cloud, is a very rich composition. The scene represents the great road between the Seine and the park, with the mamelukes of Napoleon, the lantern of Diogenes, the village of Seore, and its glass-house, and the interesting chateau of Meidon. The fifth division being a water scene by moonlight, is a contrast to the two last-mentioned lively subjects. The music party on the water, and the sailors cooking some shell-fish, are natural. The female seated in the boat joins in the music with her ballad. The pale moon sheds her silver beams upon the landscape, and tips with silver the points of projecting objects. On the other side is the sooty light of the charcoal fire exhibited, and in another part is shewn the light of a candle, held by a female, who is descending by the dark stairs of the water-mill: so that there are three different lights in the picture,—moonlight, candle-light, and charcoal-light, all cleverly described. The sixth division is,—Females as large as life, seated before a window, looking towards the Seine, in the Park de Saint Farchaux, near Paris.—Here is second nature. The pretty Italian girl, the handsome French woman, and the innocent child, are very pleasing objects. I could fancy myself enjoying sweet converse and pleasing society, with the lovely and attractive females favouring me with their agreeable company. The child appears to address the young Italian in the words,—‘May I take a grape, if you please?’ The velvet on the shoulder of the older lady, the silk shawl, the rich vase, and the flowers, are admirably done. The drapery almost realises the fabled anecdote of Zeuxis' curtain. The production in general is very excellent.

Upon the whole,—the grouping—the composition—the invention—the handling—the *claro-oscuro*, and the colours, displayed in these paintings, cannot fail to ensure the approbation of the artist and the connoisseur. Every minute and natural object is described with a correctness and particularity which will escape the attention of the common observer.

To recommend this exhibition to the attention of our readers, is the only mode in which we can further express a decided approbation of its great and attractive merits.

A self-acting musical instrument, performing on the harp, the piano, the triangle, and the drum, affords a rich treat to the ear, whilst the eye is gratified with the beauty of the paintings.

THE WELLINGTON MEDAL.

THIS beautiful and curious medal, lately published by Mr. Whiteaves, contains, on the obverse, a spirited portrait of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, in bold relief, modelled from the life, by Rouw; engraved by Webb, the artist employed in the portraits on the national medals, noticed by us in a former number.

On the obverse, is an inscription, forming a complete brief historic compendium of the whole of his Grace's appointments and victories, all comprised within the compass of a medal only $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. The letters are very clearly worked, in capitals, and are legible without the aid of a microscopic lens, which some medals re-

quire. Since the inscription may be interesting to our readers, independently of its illustrating a work of art, we insert it with the abbreviations, &c. just as it appears on the medal:—

Born, May 1, 1769;
Ent. as Ensign in the 73 Reg. 1787;
App. Lieut. in the 76, 1788, and Cap. in the 53, 1791;
Major in the 33, 1792, Lieut. Col. 1793 and Col. 1795;
Com. a Div. at the Storming of Seringapatam, May 4, 1799;
Battle of Conaghull, Sep. 5, 1800;
Appointed Major-General, April 29, 1802;
Batt. of Assaye, Sep. 25, took Gawilghur by storm, Dec. 30, 1803;
Creat. Knight of the Bath and Chief Secr. for Ireland, 1807;
Defeated the Danes at the Battle of Kioge, 1807;
Appointed Lieut. General, April 26, 1808;
Battle of Rolei, Aug. 17—Vimieva, Aug. 21, 1808;
Appointed Marshal Gen. of the Portuguese Army, March 22, 1809;
Captured Oporto, May 12—Batt. of Talavera, 27 and 28 July 1809;
Creat. Viscount Wellington and Baron Douro, Aug. 26, 1809;
Batt. of Busaco, Sep. 27—Coimbra, Oct. 7, 1810;
Fuentes de Honor, May 5—Almeida, May 11—Aroyo del Molina, Oct. 28, 1811;
Creat. Conde Vimiera and Appoint. Gen. in Spain and Portugal, 1811;
Batt. of Cuidad Rodrigo, Jan. 19—Badajoz, April 6—Almarez, May 19, 1812;
Battle of Salamanca, July 22—entered Madrid, Aug. 14, 1812;
Creat. Earl, Feb. 22, and Marquis, Aug. 12, 1812;
Appoint. Col. of the Horse Guards Blue, Jan. 1, 1813;
Battle of Vittoria, June 21, 1813;
Creat. K. G. and Appoint. Field Marshal of the British Army, June 21, 1813;
Batt. of the Pyrenees, July 28 to Aug. 2—St. Sebastian, Sept. 9, 1813;
Bidaossa, Oct. 9—Pampeluna, Oct. 31—Nivelle, Nov. 10, 1813;
Nieve, Dec. 9 to 13, 1813—Orthes, Feb. 27—Toulouse, April 14, 1814;
Created Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington, May 3,
Took his Seat in the House of Lords, June 23, 1814;
Battle of Waterloo, June 18; ent. Paris, July 7, 1815;
Created Prince of Waterloo, July 18, 1815;
Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, 1815;
Master of the Ordnance
And Gov. of Plymouth, Oct. 9, 1819.

Sir Thomas Lawrence (whom one of the principal painters of the Roman school has honoured with the title of ‘the English Titian’) has just completed the portrait of the Pope, executed for H. R. H. the Prince Regent.

..T.

The Drama.

KING'S THEATRE.—On Saturday night, an opera, by Rossini, under the title of *La Cenerentola*, or Cinderella, (being a translation of the French name *Cendrillon*) was performed, for the first time, at this theatre. The story of Cinderella is too familiar to need repeating, but the present opera omits the essential points of this pretty fairy tale:—thus, none of the pageantry that should have graced it, is introduced:—not that we mean to insist that a pumpkin ought to have been converted into a splendid carriage, or mice into cream coloured horses, upon the stage; but we certainly expected some splendour, and that the opera would have borne some resemblance to the original story; but so far was this from being the case, that the glass slipper was not only omitted, but there was not even the slightest allusion to it. The father of Cinderella is substituted for the old woman, and under the title of Don Magnifico, he becomes eminently ridiculous. The music was not particularly striking; and when it is considered what a difference of opinion exists as to the best productions of Rossini, it could not be expected that this opera should be very attractive. Madame Belluchi sustained the principal character, but it afforded very little scope for her talents. The character of the Prince Lover, Don Ramiro, was performed by Signor Torri, his first appearance on this stage. His figure is manly, but not commanding. His voice is not one of much power, rather harsh in the lower tones, but yet not absolutely disagreeable. His taste is well formed, and in his execution of the songs, he evidently fell beneath his own conceptions. The debut of Signor Torri was on the whole

very successful. Several parts of the opera were received with much applause by a very elegant and crowded audience.

COVENT GARDEN.—Shakespeare's comedy of *As you like it* was performed at this theatre on Tuesday night, for the purpose of introducing a young *debutante*, in the character of Rosalind. The young lady, who made her first appearance on any stage in this character, possesses a fine person, a countenance capable of much expression, and a voice of exquisite sweetness and flexibility. There was observable during her whole performance, a conflict between timid inexperience and a very judicious preparation of the character. She had, however, the rare merit of showing equal judgment in the plaintive and lively situations: where she failed of touching the audience forcibly, the fault was neither that of a just conception of the author, nor a want of talents to do justice to it, but the embarrassment and timidity incidental to a first appearance. When she becomes more familiar with the audience, these disadvantages will exist no longer. In the cuckoo song, Miss Wensley (for such we understand is the name of the lady,) was peculiarly successful—so much so, as to be twice encored, and to be applauded to the very echo. She certainly sung it with admirable taste. A more successful first appearance we have seldom witnessed. Mr. Macready played Jaques for the first time; in the description of the wounded deer, he was not very happy, but his failure was amply redeemed by his delivery of that immortal description of the ages of man, which he gave in an admirable manner. Faust's Touchstone has only to be seen to be admired; and we do not remember to have seen him play it better than on this evening. The play was announced for repetition on Thursday, ‘in consequence,’ as Mr. C. Kemble said to the audience, ‘of the great applause with which they had honoured Miss Wensley's first effort.’ It is not a little remarkable, that two of Shakespeare's comedies should at present be the most attractive performances at this theatre.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. Dibdin has commenced the theatrical campaign with his usual spirit and activity. Four new pieces, within the first fortnight, are certainly sufficient to gratify the most ardent lover of novelty. The new melo-drama, entitled *The Prophecy, or the Giant Spectre*, is founded on Lord Orford's Castle of Otranto, and every point of the romance, comic as well as terrific, is transferred to the stage, where they appear still more effective than in the novel. Much of the serious dialogue is taken from Jephson's tragic romance; but the lighter characters and the music are perfectly original. Huntley and Watkins made their first appearance this season in the characters of Manfred and Theodore, and were warmly greeted by the audience. The Princess of Otranto was sustained by that excellent actress, Miss Taylor, who imparts a peculiar interest to every character she undertakes. Mrs. W. S. Chatterly, from the English Opera House, made her first appearance, in the character of Matilda, and was much applauded. Confident that this lady possesses talents far beyond what are generally allowed to her, we are happy to see them transplanted to a soil where their value will be appreciated, and directed to that line for which they are best suited.—The scenery of the new piece is very splendid, and it was received with loud applause.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new burletta has been produced at this house, entitled *Lovers of all Sorts, or not such a Fool as he looks.* It is of the same lively cast as the other pieces produced at this theatre, during the present season. In one respect however, it is more censurable; there are several indelicate allusions, which lose none of their force when entrusted to Mr. Wilkinson; we caution the author of the piece and the performers to bear in mind that

‘Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.’

In our notice of the pantomime at this theatre, we did not speak so favourably as we ought to have done, for, yielding to the larger houses more splendid and extensive scenery, in every other respect, the *Fairy of the North Star* is a superior pantomime. Paulo is by far the most active clown on the stage, Miss E. Dennett the most graceful columbine we ever saw. The shawl dance of the three sisters (Dennetts) is in itself a treat of no ordinary description.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Important Invention in Hydraulics.—There is, at present, circulated in Paris, the prospectus of a small portable steam-engine, which will raise water to the height of sixty feet, at the rate of fifteen quarts per minute. The machine will consume no more than the value of one penny-worth of coals in an hour, to raise nine hundred quarts to this height. It will cost six hundred francs, 25*l.* and will (says the inventor) last more than a hundred years. They offer, for progressive prices, machines which shall raise double, triple, or decuple quantities of water to almost any height.

Substitute for a Copying Machine.—Write with common writing ink, in which lump sugar has been dissolved, in the proportion of four scruples or a drachm and a half of sugar to an ounce of ink.

Moisten copying paper, (a paper which is sold at the stationers at 1*s.* 10*d.* a quire for the copying machines,) by passing well a soft brush over it; then press it gently between soft cap paper, so as to smoothen it and absorb the superabundant moisture.

Put the paper so moistened upon the writing, and both between cap or other smooth soft paper, placing the whole on the carpet or hearth-rug, one end of which is to be folded over it. By standing and treading upon this, an impression will be taken equal, if not superior, to what would have been taken by a copying machine.

New Method of preparing the Purple of Cassius.—The Comte de Maistre says, that placing a sequin in contact with mercury at one of its surfaces, and twenty-four hours after fusing it with an equal weight of tin, an alloy was obtained, which was fusible in boiling resin. Afterwards triturating this alloy with pure caustic magnesia in a mortar, a powder was obtained of a very fine purple colour.

Fulminating Gold.—Count de Maistre also describes a fulminating gold obtained by pouring a small quantity of solution of gold into red wine, (Bordeaux); a sediment formed which, when dried, and placed on burning charcoal in an iron capsule, exploded.

Portable Gas Lamp.—It appears, from an article in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, that a portable gas lamp, similar to that for which Mr. Gordon has since obtained a patent, was exhibited by Professor Brande, in the spring of 1817, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, and which had been made by his directions, in May 1816.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIUS.

Macklin, in one of his comedies, makes an Irishman boast, that an ancestor of his had peopled all Scotland with his own hand; proof of this Hiberno-Gælic extraction may, perhaps, be found in the following passages, in the last number of the Edinburgh Review:—‘To cure discontent—and even unreasonable discontent, we would simply remove all its *reasonable* causes.’—‘This passage, besides being composed with the obscurity and incorrectness that distinguish Mr. Davison’s style, is conceived with a vagueness and want of precision by no means habitual to him, *except in the tract before us.*’

Synonymous Words.—A Frenchman, whose knowledge of the English language was rather imperfect, wishing to see the will of a friend, went to Doctors’ Commons, and very politely inquired whether they ‘had the *shall* of Mon Dela.’—The clerks, to whom the application was made, informed the accomplished stranger, that their office was not the emporium for shawls; upon which he said, ‘that he wanted the testament.’—Oh! you wish to see a will, said the industrious scribes of the civil law.—‘Dat is what I want,’ replied Monsieur, ‘and I did tink dat shall and will was de same ting, car my grammar say, je serai, I shall or will be.’

Coincidence between Lord Byron and Burton.—The following passage from Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy, appears to have suggested to Lord Byron that exquisite definition of solitude contained in the first canto of Childe Harold;

‘To walk amongst orchards, gardens, bowers, artificial wildernesses green with thickets, arches, groves, rillet fountains, and such like pleasant places; pooles—betwixt wood and water, in a fair meadow by a ruin side; to disport in some pleasant plaine, to run up a steep hill, or sit in a shadie seat, must needs be a delectable recreation. Whosoever he is, therefore, that is overrunne with solitariness, or carried away with a pleasing melancholy, and vain conceites, I can prescribe him no better remedie than this.’—Vol. 1, p. 224, Ed. 1624. Lord Byron has infinitely improved the thought and taken a much wider range:—

‘To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene;
Where things that own not man’s dominion dwell,
And mortal steps have ne’er or rarely been,
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen
With the wild flocks that never need a fold;
Alone o’er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude—tis but to hold
Converse with nature’s charms, and see her stores unrolled.’

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